The Ladies' Monitor.

"THE MIND TO IMPROVE, AND YET AMUSE."

VOL. I.] NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 5, 1801. [NO. V.

THE BEGGAR-GIRL: A NOVEL.

By the Authoress of the Second Vindication of the Rights of Women....Never before Published.

[CONTINUED.]

WHILST Monima and her father were regaling themselves with coffee, fresh bread, and eggs, a repast that their palates had long been estranged from, and evincing their secret gratitude to their benefactor, by an uncommon flow of cheerfulness and good humour; Madame Sontine was meditating their destruction. Philip had called at the appointed hour, but, consistent with etiquette, she could not leave the company which had returned with Monsieur Sontine, and had stayed the evening. Betty had been authorised to dismiss Philip, with an injunction to tell him to be sure and call again the next evening.

The day following, Madame's invention was racked to contrive a mode of conduct toward Monima, that might be best adapted to her own security. When the heat of passion had subsided, she entirely declined the idea of murder; her heart was void of feeling, but her soul, nevertheless, shuddered at the terrible thought of being accessary to the death of a fellow-creature: a hint that Philip had promiscuously given, as she lighted him through the court the last evening of their private conference, respecting the seclusion of Monima in the old mansion-house, Madame was endeavouring to improve to the best advantage; and, though she was by nature narrow-hearted, yet she conceived it more eligible to maintain Monima and her father upon low diet, than to expose herself to the dreaded loss of hundreds, to a hated rival. Against evening her plan was well digested, and Philip was impatiently awaited to execute it.

True to his trust, the guileful instrument of her malicious invention came, full bent to fulfil her orders, be they ever so criminal in their execution. Twenty dollars was a weighty sum to Philip, and this was promised as a reward for his trouble. He hated his sister, but her money was as acceptable to him, as the president's. Besides, he had often received larger sums, on similar occasions, and his conscience was hardened enough to make himself guilty of crimes of a more attrocious nature than the one he was now to be instrumental in. As soon, therefore, as they were secreted in the private room, and Betty had received orders not to permit the entrance of any one into that part of the house, Madame disclosed her scheme....I think, Philip, said she, it would be best to have them confined a little while in the back part of our mansion-house; may be, as the place is so near the river, we may one day have a chance of sending them to their French negroe country again....I hate the French hussy enough to kill her myself, but I should be afraid of being troubled with her ghost....Now, what do you think?.....Think! said he; why I shall give myself no trouble to think about it: tell me what I have to do, that's all I care for. Well, then, to-night, after you have gone your twelve o'clock round, go to the old Monsieur's (Betty will shew you where it is), and make a terrible out-cry of murder, just in the old fellow's key-hole: this will force him to get up and open his door; but if he should be too much of a coward for that, why you can easily break that old door open; then frighten them both enough to make them both run into another street; then get some other watchman to help you to tie their hands together, and make him believe that you are going to confine them into your watch-box for keeping a bad, noisy house; the old Monsieur can't talk a

word of English, and so he can't take his own part; then you can drive them out to the old mansion:.... Our farmer, Jemmy, and his wife, I invited to stay in town to-night, that they might know nothing about it. You can put them into the inner room of the south side: be sure you secure the house well before you leave it, and to-morrow come and let me know how you succeeded....Well, well, said he, just as if starving people to death was not murder! Why, Urshel, you'll have both ghosts upon you at once! That's my look-out, Philip; only do as you are bid.

About midnight, when the innocent Monima, and her helpless father were wrap'd in the profoundest sleep, a piteous outcry of "Murder! Murder!" assailed their ears, and made Monima quake with fear: she explained the term to her father, and a sudden impulse of pity made him spring out of bed, and haste to the aid of the sufferer. Momima's entreaties to secure himself from destruction, by remaining inactive, were vain; he opened the door. Fly! said the voice, or your lives will be the forfeit. Monima threw on her cloaths, gave her father his shoes and gown, and in less than five minutes they were at the end of the square, to fly for protection to the corner watch-box. A footstep, however, pursued them; they were taken and bound. Monima fainted!.....Monsieur Fontanbleu thought she had been stabbed, and his soul was all confusion and horror....he awaited the same fate: presently, however, one of the sable-looking monsters walked away; the other took Monima in his arms, and beckoned to the father to follow. Life or death was then the same thing to him; with tottering steps and a bleeding heart, he moved after the apparent corps of his murdered child. The night was too dark to admit of his seeing that she only fainted; and when, in the course of ten minutes, she gave signs of life, by lifting her head and exclaiming....Oh! what have you done with my father?....Monsieur Fontanbleu was near fainting with joy. Their driver, however, ordered them to be silent, or he would certainly be their death. They walked on quietly, and with palpitating hearts.

In about two hours they stopped at a white gate, through which they passed; their walk was next through a long lane of trees; they were then led into a house, up the stairs, and thrust into a room. There, said the driver, go in there; you'll find a bed, make the best of it: that's all I have to say; so good bye.....

(To be continued.)

A SECOND VINDICATION OF THE RIGHTS OF WOMEN.

By an American Lady....Never before published.

It is to be decided whether the conduct of men towards women, relative to courtship, has received a beneficial influence from the education girls receive in eminent boarding schools.

In courtship an insinuating address is natural to men; and what is natural in such cases is not reprehensible, but a misapplication of the properties of nature is what stamps the man a villain. With an insinuating address, the young, the innocent and artless of the female sex, have been reduced to the most degraded states of life: with that also, the highly accomplished have fallen victims to misery, even in honorable marriage; art and seduction have not received a check from those institutions: it is still swayed, with wicked oppression, and diabolic injustice; and fathers have been guilty of it themselves toward some youthfully innocent daughters. This reflection, however, to the honor of human nature, cannot be cast on all; the number is small, that through wantonness of heart render themselves liable to it; yet the bitter tear of anguish will long be pressed from the eyes of the suffering parent unless girls be taught to respect themselves: dignity of thought is a safeguard to virtue, and as the parent wishes for the welfare of a daughter, it ought to be their first object to guard them against flattery, and to teach them that the only obligations of life, are to promote virtue, religion, and morality.

In cases of marriage, interest superabounds to every other consideration, particularly with the mercenary parents; they have outlived their passions, and love, all heavenly as it is, becomes extinct in the breast of the aged. They act from the experience only, of the benefits that wealth is productive of in life; there is certainly something very desira-

ble in it, as it ever insures a ready reception, and general respectability, but with all these considerations, nature must have her tribute. Love is the most powerful passion of the human breast, and the one nearest akin to heaven. It was love that produced the universe; it is love that pours out so abundantly the various blessings of life, and the breast of man is inspired with love, to render life a comfort and a blessing; it is custom only that subverts its springs. Among nations which cannot as yet boast refinement of manners, nature in her simplicity is the safest guide; seduction among some of these is punished with death, because it is an infringement of love. The seducer hates with the utmost rancour, the seducer is a murderer, and those laws which are framed for the punishment of open murder, ought not to tolerate clandestine crimes.—Those affections which God has implanted into the heart, were designed for the mutual happiness of his creatnres; it is merely the misapplication of these that gives rise to the many evils that mankind so unjustly impute to the imperfections of our formation. If nature were taken as guide to all our actions, the world would be one system of excellence, for in love is comprised every quality that can conduce to the purest happiness, but custom is substituted for nature, and many infringements to the indignity of human nature are sanctioned by her arbitrary sway; yet it is an evident fact that if women would learn to respect themselves, the respect of man would follow as a natural consequence. The human heart is more prone to good than to evil. Among the innocent and artless, love has the pre-eminency of all the other passions, and the affections of the heart, are easily reduced by flattering appearances! In such cases only it is that men call down the vengeance of corroding reflections, and of a guilty conscience upon themselves; a punishment justly adapted to the crime of the wanton seduction of innocence and unsuspecting artlessness.

Could parents but be influenced to be more active in the instillment of virtuous precepts on the minds of their children, many evils might be avoided that the world at present groans under; their sons would be more honourable and virtuous, and their daughters more happy. It is by no means improper that girls should receive every accomplishment that schools of every denomination can bestow, but such accomplishments should not be deemed the main object of life. To suppress vanity in youth is a great point toward improvement; but the indulgent weakness of parents, is more apt to excite than to suppress it. Interest has the strongest claim upon the love of parents, but as long as interest is substituted for love, the parent must mourn the hapless fate of the daughter, and the wickedness and immorality of the son! and so long as this sways the world, we cannot expect to hear any thing but sinful reflections against our merciful CREATOR, and corroding anxiety in our bosoms, from a misapplication of our own excellent faculties.

A TALE OF TRUTH.

SOME years previous to the revolution in France, a young gentleman who was making the tour of Europe, for improvement, was pleased with the allurements of Paris, and remained there a considerable time longer than he intended, at his departure from his native village. He was himself a Frenchman by birth, and of an opulent family; but, contrary to the national principles of religion, he had been reared by his parents in the principles of the protestant church. In those days, heresy was either punished with the bastile, or total exilement, and a confiscation of all property, real and personal; this induced many to conceal their modes of worsip, and to impose themselves on their neighbors for genuine catholics....Of this number was the family of the young traveller. His father, with the experience and wisdom of age, advised and exhorted him to make no confidant to his religious tenets, let their pretensions be ever so friendly, otherwise he would expose himself to the severest dangers of life. In obedience to these injunctions, he bade adieu, with a firm resolution not to deviate from his father's advice, but, in every case, to hold it sacred and inviolate.

The allurements of Paris were irresistible to his youthful mind. He frequented all the places of public amusement, and being of a sociable turn, he

soon became generally acquainted: among these acquaintances, two young gentlemen, natives of Paris, attached themselves to him in the bonds of friendship. In the course of a few months they were distinguished by the appellation of "the inseparables." Nothing could be equal to the friendship that subsisted between them; they lived together, played, sung, and danced together; in short, the amusement of one was the amusement of all, and each day seemed to heighten their friendship and gave them a greater relish for each other's society.

It happened that a ball was given at a certain Bath, a little distance from the city, and the inseparables were invited, among many others, to partake in the amusement. Paris has never been famous for beautiful women, but on that evening the ball-room was graced with an incomparable girl. Envy itself had to confess the sway of the matchless creature, and confine its fangs to the limits of silence. The stranger (who may be distinguished by the name of Aldimund) became a votary at the shrine of beauty, and, unfortunately for him, one of his Parisian friends felt the influence of love at the same time and for the same object. All present, paid homage to her beauty, but the two friends adored her. Jealousy is quick-sighted, and each of the rivals felt her stings repeatedly. Amelia, the beauty, evinced no pointed partiality for either, yet each look from her was interpreted as an affectionate regard to the happy rival; but the appearance of friendship was still maintained, and, on their return homeward, not a syllable was mentioned respecting the new-formed attachment: the elegance of Ameiia was praised in vague terms, as if they had been prompted to it by the cool admiration of simple beauty.

This imposition, however, could not continue long. Aldimund suddenly lost all his gaiety, and appeared absent and lost in thought. Perro, his rival, was infested with the same disorder, and André either laughed at, or soothed them by turns. Thro' the interference of their acquaintances, the three friends had had a formal introduction to Amelia, and their time became mostly devoted to her. In a very few weeks it was discovered that Aldimund was the fortunate lover, and Perro's hatred and revenge was excited toward his rival, in proportion as their attachment grew. Aldimund and Perro were no longer friends, yet a constant intercourse was still maintained between them. Dulness, cold reserve, and a distant behaviour, was substituted for the unlimited confidence of friendship, that had for many months subsisted between them. A change so great could not but attract the notice of all who knew them, and a duel, to decide the affair, was apprehended by all their acquaintances.

On a sudden, however, things wore a more pleasing aspect. Perro appeared to be more enraptured with his friend, than with the beauty; and, as Aldimund was the favoured lover, he had no cause to be displeased with Perro. Their friendship was renewed with redoubled vigor, and Perro became the confidant of Aldimund in his love-affair with the charming Amelia.

One Sunday afternoon the three friends had repaired to St. Mary's chapel, to attend at the devotional hour of mass. Aldimund observed that Perro and André paid more attention to him than to divine service. His imitation of the ceremonies of mass, he very well knew, would not bear the strictest scrutiny, as he had never been initiated into its practices; his confusion, therefore, became self-evident, and when he was interrogated respecting his remissness in the knowledge of his duties, he answered, alas! I do not understand them....This passed over unheeded. When mass was over, Perro and André joined their arms in his, and led him to the east end of the chapel, where the image of St. Mary was attached in full form:....Perro jocularly demanded what Aldimund thought of her ladyship? you are not as much in love, I suppose, with dead as with living saints; and, continued he, I have reason to think that you have but a poor opinion of all our marble goddesses. Indeed, said Aldimund with unsuspecting confidence, I know and care little about them.....Their swords were instantly unsheathed.....Aldimund flew with the swiftness of lightning....They pursued, exclaiming, "He has forsworn God and his holy saints!" A mob was quickly raised; but Aldimund's speed bade defi-

ance to numbers; he arrived at the Faubourg of Paris, where a protestant friend of his father's resided....For heaven's sake, Monsieur de Montaunte, aid me, my life is in the utmost danger! was all the breathless Aldimund could utter. There was no time for explanations; the mob was gathering about the house, and if Aldimund had been discovered there in concealment, the ruin of his innocent friend would have been the certain consequence....Fly, Aldimund, said he, and avert the dangers that threaten me and my growing family....De Montaunte grasped his hand and dragged him through a successive range of back buildings; at the last they made a stop:....there, said De Montaunte, pointing to the river, lies a boat; here is a key; unlock the chain, and cross the river; about three quarters of a mile from the opposite shore lives a friend of mine; he is a sweitzer, and a protestant; reveal your dangers to him; mention my name and you will be safe....haste, for God's sake, for the mob is approaching....Again he flew; he did as his friend advised, and ere the mob had done searching the house and had time to move to the river's shore, he had nearly crossed it: fortunately for him, the gentlemen's pleasure-boats were all locked down; the river was narrow and only navigable for small boats. His two deceitful friends were at the head of the multitude; the rays of the sun were reflected against their swords, and as they brandished them in the air, the brightness fell into his eyes....He landed safely, and without waiting to bid either of them adieu, he hastily flew from the shore and was almost instantaneously out of sight.

When he arrived at the sweitzer's, the old gentleman was entirely alone reading in his bible; his family were all at church, and that was his hour and his opportunity to regale himself at his own devotion. Aldimund came so unexpectedly, that the old man in his fear of being detected reading the bible, sunk immediately on his knees, and entreated him to compassionate his family and not betray him to the police, for an act of devotion that was so strictly prohibited. The scene was quickly reversed.—Aldimund in a few words related to him his afternoon's adventure, and begged him to conceal him for a few weeks, until the rumour might have in some measure subsided. Father Waser led him up three pair of stairs, and thence into an old loft that seemed to have been a rendezvous for many preceding centuries for rats and mice; there was not a spot in it that would admit of his sitting upright, and the heat of the sun beating against an airless roof, rendered it an earthly purgatory. He had been there but a short time, when from the bustle below, he had reason to think that all Paris had assembled about the house, and were determined to take him by storm. In a few minutes, however all was again silent, and he hugged himself in the security of his retreat.

At the gloomy hour of midnight, Aldimund was regularly visited by his aged and excellent benefactor. That was the hour that he supplied him with meat and drink; at one of these hours he was informed that a proclamation was out, with the king's seal and signature, and a reward of a thousand livres offered for apprehending a criminal, who had in presence of the holy St. Mary, forsworn God and all his saints; strictly enjoining all the subjects of France, under pain of exilement and confiscation, not to retain said criminal in concealment, but to have him brought forth, to suffer a just punishment, as the law directed. You see from this, continued father Waser, how dangerously we are both situated. I have no wife at present. She has been dead some years. My house-keeper and servants are firmly attached to me, but they are all Romans; and if they had an idea that I kept a heretic concealed under my roof, they would be the first to ruin me, and destroy my house, from a bigotted supposition that they were serving the cause of heaven with a duteous zeal.—After a pause, he resumed, I am utterly at a loss what means to adopt for our mutual safety; however, continue here a little longer, in a few days one or the other of us may probably devise something that may answer our purpose, for I fear we are not safe.

On the fifteenth night of Aldimund's residence in that dreary abode, father Waser came a little after the great house-clock had struck twelve, with an uncommon cautious step, and as the beams of his lamp fell on his face, Aldimund thought he looked palid and sickly.—Raise yourself, said the

old man, as well as you can, strip off your embroidery, and dress yourself in this carman's jack and overalls; if you remain here one night longer, the utmost danger to us both is to be apprehended. I received a letter from our Parsian friend, Montaunte. Whispers are in circulation, to my prejudice; you must fly for safety to the Italian territories; the moment you arrive within the limits of Italy, you are free to take your course wherever fate or your inclination may lead you. Haste—eat your morsel, and let us go.

The gentleman was quickly metamorphosed into a carman, with a huge horse-whip and common knapsack. His embroidered suit he left a prey to the ravages of his little visitors the rats. Father Waser filled his knapsack with common provisions, and they descended the steps with the silence of death. The moon was in its wane, and threw a glimmering light over the earth; they proceeded by its light to the stable, saddled their horses, mounted, and rode off as expeditiously as their beasts could carry them.

After they had rode a considerable distance, it became necessary to restrain the speed of their horses and give them time to breathe. During this interval of rest, this excellent old man gave the youthful Aldimund much wholesome advice respecting his future conduct; among the rest, he gave him proper directions concerning his route. I shall only ride with you till three o'clock, said he; leave your beard as it is, that you may the better pass for a carman; if your provisions should chance to run out, for your better security, I would advise you to beg; a small sum, even with a man of your appearance, excites suspicion; keep yourself concealed by day, and make the best of your road by night; in six days you can be at your journey's end, and safely out of the reach of your presecutors.

Again they gave their horses the spur and hurried on with all imaginary speed, till they arrived at a bridge, where father Waser meant to bid Aldimund a lasting adieu. It was then about twenty minutes after three, and they had made nearly seventeen miles of the journey. They both alighted and both seemed affected with the intended separation; Aldimund's gratitude to his benefactor was inexpressibly great; words were inadequate to express it, and a silent tear was the only testimony he could evince of it; their hands were already clasped into each other, and the adieu faultered on Aldimund's lips, when a man and woman came from behind the hill and crossed the bridge. Good morning, said father Waser, you appear to be early risers. That is none of your business, muttered the surly figure. You are sulky, said the old man! And you are insolent, replied the stranger; there, take that for your good behaviour, and he run his knife up to the handle into the poor old man's heart! He instantly fell down dead!

This was a scene of horror to the wretched Aldimund. The fellow was a highway robber. Every sous that his benefactor had bestowed on him was taken; his whip, knapsack, and horses, all fell a prey to the ravenous grasp of the cruel murderer. Aldimund's life was likewise in imminent danger, but after he was stripped of every thing, he was quietly dimissed, and he pursued his journey with a sorrowful heart.

Every kind of distress was his portion, till he arrived in Italy. For three days previous to his entrance into the Italian domains, he had not tasted a morsel of food, during his journey, he had been exposed to the night dews, and his weakness from the accumulation of so many distresses and wants, would not admit of his travelling three miles over the Italian limits. He dropped down on the public road, whence he was humanely taken up by a gentleman, who with proper remedies restored him again to life and advanced him money, until he could receive remittances from his father. Aldimund is still living, and will regret to the hour of his death, not having acted consitently with his father's advice; the life of his excellent friend would not then have fallen a sacrifice to his imprudent confidence, and he would have saved himself many hours of remorse and bitter reflection.

NEW-YORK, AUGUST 5, 1801.

THE MONITOR—NO. V.

It is natural, and it is right for youth to be lively and gay; and those who endavour to subvert its springs insensibly counteract the designs of nature

and of nature's God. There are some who, for the sake of singularity, will subdue many innocent propensities of the heart, which, by an injudicious number of the world are condemned, as not consistent with the due restrictions of religious injunctions, and as a toleration of immortality and wontonness: of this number consists the prude and the sentimentalist, whose words and actions must first be drawn, and refined through the fiery ordeal of ettiquette and right ere they can be uttered or evineed, and yet in general they are not an item better than the innocent romp, who speaks and acts at random, as the sallies of youth may promiscuously prompt to. Those who have studied the human heart must know that youthful hilarity, is the natural offspring of innocence; and that is properly defined, ignorance, innoence, therefore can never produce a blush on the countenance; a blush is ever a testimony of modesty, and modesty an incontrovertable token of wisdom and worth.

The prude generally distinguishes herself by a haughty and frigid deportment; the sentimentalist, by a demure and silent behaviour; and the romp, by her sprightliness and vivacity. The aim of the prude and sentimentalist, is to impose themselves on the world as patterns of virtue, wisdom and rectitude: their life, however, cannot be exemplary, unless their actions are tempered with good nature and stimulated by good sense; good nature seldom attends prudishness: it is a character that is commonly made up of spurious self-sufficiency, of contempt of common opinion, and censure of the untaught.——A sentimental girl, who imagines herself a being of superior order, who thinks herself a compound of nature's most exquisite materials, who affects uncommon sensibility on trivial occasions, yet mostly utters her sentiments as a reflection on the unwary and unfortunate of her own sex, seldom has good nature enough to make reasonable allowances for the situation and circumstances of those who, from the eventful occurrences of life, or want of necessary resolution, have not been able to continue in the peaceful path of virtue; nor does her lofty ideas give her time or opportunity to consider that she herself is liable to the same errors: she condemns without judgment or feeling, merely to display her knowledge of the necessary connection of a good sentiment, and to impose herself on the world as a pattern of uncommon rectitude.

A romp is generally the most innocent of the three: to gain the admiration of the world is not so much her object, as to please herself; that which is most reprehensible in her character, is the opportunity she gives the ill-judging and malicious to vent their spleen, and exciting their envy; for the prejudiced will be swayed by the mere appearance of goodness, and though it is innocence and artlessness that stimulates the romp to wildness, yet the misconstruing world will still give the pretendedly good the preference, and condemn the truly innocent, from a want of a better knowledge of the human heart.

Reservedness of character is natural to some, even in youth: but these are easily distinguished from either of the others by a quiet, inoffensive and harmless conduct. Genius is mostly attended with a modest reserve; and when reservedness is most conspicuous in the character of a child, we may be convinced that it is designed by nature for observation and study.

But what can be the aim of the rigidly severe, or of the affectedly wise? Is it not a wish to insinuate themselves into the good opinion of the truly virtuous? If so, let your actions be stimulated by the dictates of your hearts, which by nature are not as depraved as by custom. Pity is a natural attribute of the female heart, and one spontaneous tear, prompted by pity for the fall of a hapless sister, would make you more estimable than twenty shrugs of the shoulder, or a thousand elaborate sentiments on the depravity of the human heart and the frailty of human nature. You will be disappointed in your aim of gaining respectability, unless you be actuated by justice and mercy, and a consideration of your own natural weaknesses and follies, should injustice restrain a too hasty condemnation of the missteps of a faulty sister, and mercy ever enjoins pity. To forgive and to pity, is by no means to tolerate vice, for we can be compassionate and live exemplary lives; 'tis merely the study of yourselves that is wanting to make you what you aim to be....respectable; as long as you are deficient in the knowledge of your own heart, you will be void of genuine virtue; employ your minds with that care, and you will learn to be just, merciful, and forgiving.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

For the Ladits' Monitor.

LINES

WRITTEN IN PRAISE OF AMERICA.

To dwell on themes that please the heart,
That can a ray of joy impart,
Or bid the tear—for woe—to start!
This is my glory.
Let sages praise the distant shore,
Its soil—its laws—its men adore,
And speak its wonders evermore,
In lengthen'd story.

I will, to this sweet spot confin'd,
Where health and plenty are combin'd,
To rouse the emulative mind,
With exultation!
I will—warm with a natal fire,
Warm with that love that doth inspire,
A free-born soul to touch the lyre,
Sing my own nation.

Here smiling peace and order dwell,
No law is fram'd the breast to swell
With woe, or plaint, or mournful tale,
Of rank oppression.
Here nature claims the greatest sway!
Here men her simple laws obey!
E'en scepter'd tyrants, thrown'd full gay,
Make the confession.

Here man with industry can rise,
Here Virtue we for Virtue prize,
Nor purchase titles, in demise,
For solid honors.
Our meadows, orchards, and the field,
With cultivation due, will yield
Enough, our citizens to shield,
From foreign scorners.

SELECTED POETRY.

VERSES

SENT TO A LADY, WITH A SPRIG OF MYRTLE,

By Dr. Samuel Johnson.

What hopes, what terrors, does thy gift create,
Ambiguous emblem of uncertain fate;
The Myrtle, ensign of supreme command,
Consign'd, by Venus, to Melissa's hand;
Not less capricious than a reigning fair,
Now grants, and now rejects a lover's prayer.
In myrtle shades oft sings the happy swain,
In myrtle shades despairing ghosts complain:
The myrtle crowns the happy lovers' heads,
Th' unhappy lover's grave the myrtle spreads:
O, then, the meaning of thy gift impart,
And ease the throbbings of an anxious heart
Soon must this bough, as you shall fix his doom,
Adorn Philander's head, or grace his tomb.

SONNETS.

TO A BEAUTIFUL MORNING

Hail, lovely morn! O, thou art passing sweet!
Thy genial breath renerves my fever'd frame!
Check'd is awhile the slow consuming flame;
In milder tone my throbbing pulses beat.

Freed from the troublous visions of the night,
Of Phantasy and Woe the children drear;
I, faintly smiling, greet thy presence dear,
That wakes the busy world to fresh delight:

But, not to me, sweet morning! dost thou bring,
As to the passing crowd, unsullied joy;
For me, alas, pale Fear and Doubt annoy;
And my sad breast feels Sorrow's 'venom'd sting.

Yet will I bless thee, for, with smile benign,
Thou giv'st the hearts I love, the bliss denied to mine!

TO THE MOON.

Queen of the starry throng, whose vivid rays
Direct th' erratic traveller to his cot;
On thy chaste form, devoted loves to gaze,
In winding vales, or on the pine-crown'd spot.
Thy trembling beams, elancing o'er the main—
Now palely-gleaming through the fleecy clouds,
Now widely-spreading o'er the furzy plain,
Now bringing to the view the ship's white shrouds,
Awake Reflection's melancholy sigh,
That wafts to Friendship's urn the tender soul;
Extract unbidden from the soften'd eye,
The genuine tear that art can ne'er controul!
Beneath thy pallid beams—the Muse delights to rove;
Far from the tents of vice, and scenes of lawless love.

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